Ellie Mehrbakhsh

September 7, 1846

Dear Mama,

Well here I am, I’m sorry it took me so long to write, I tried but the whole journey here was so long and exhausting, I never got the chance. I know you told me that I should just by the ticket to the States, but I just wasn’t able to come up with the money in time. I ended up spending 15 shillings on a trip to Canada and just walked across the border and hopped onto the first train I saw. This train took me all the way to a place called Charlestown Massachusetts where I was able to find other travelers looking for a new life. Charlestown is a very nice city, the buildings are large and the water is cold. I’m not alone at least; I share a shack with seven other Irishmen. It’s not a big place but I enjoy the company there would be nothing worse than being alone in this unfamiliar place.

I found work at a construction place along with the rest of the immigrants. We are paid one dollar per day, which seems low but as long as I keep working and save every penny I’ll be rich in no time. Not everyone looks at it this way though; recently I saw a group of Irish Catholics go on strike because they didn’t think the Americans were being fair. It’s not fair, but I’ve come to learn that here you cannot have what you like, but you must learn to like what you have. The conditions seem hard to accept, but it could be worse, at least I have a job that’s not in the field. I think I would rather cut off both lets before I would ever want to work in the farm again.

I try to smile every day like you’ve always told me Ma. I keep my manners, I am kind and caring, I help others and do everything right, but there are no gentleman here like there are back home. People are angry and rude to us, they treat us with no respect, for example yesterday I was walking back to my cott and a very angry man pushed me over and told me if I weren’t so drunk I could keep me balance. Everybody assumes that were good for nothing alcoholics. At work the Americans throw us to the ground and spill their drinks on us to emphasize this typical hatred towards us. I don’t understand it; I’ve never been drunk before in my whole damn life.

I’m worried about you mama, and pop too. The blunt was hard, I almost didn’t think we would make it, but we did and now ever since they separated us it’s been nothing but unbearable. I’m not the only one who’s left their families behind. Most of the people were forced to escape because of the blunt, it ruined us all. I hope things are okay back on the farm. I know its rough now, but I’ll be back soon, I promise Ma, you know I will. I’ll be back with money for the family, or better yet I’ll just make enough to bring you and pa here. I hope you’re not too worried about me Ma I promise to write you again soon even if you don’t get a chance to reply to this one. Give my thoughts to Pa, brother, sister and Uncle Hendry.

With much love,

Peter

